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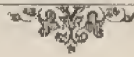
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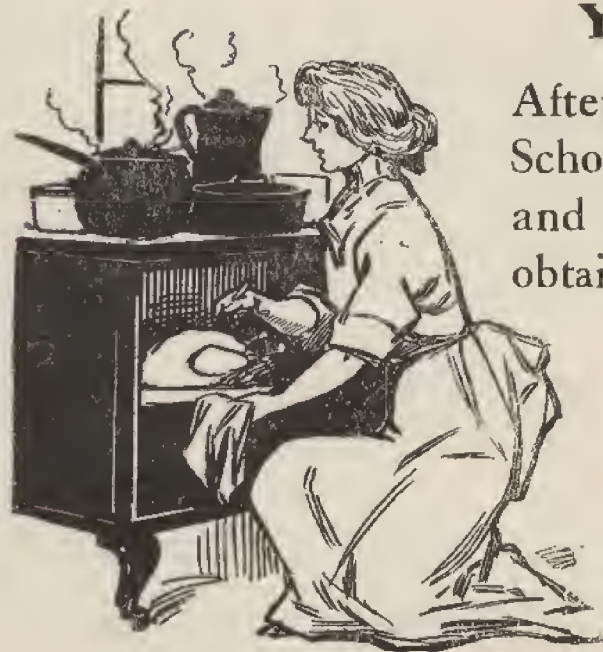
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Mill assistant superintendent	7	Trade journalist	3
Mill assistant manager	3	Machinist	2
Mill foreman of department	11	Physical director	1
Assistant to superintendent	6	Minor mill positions	7
Mill auditor and accountant	5	Student	2
Textile designer	24	Employment not known	10
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General manager	2	Deceased	2
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Assistant master mechanic and draftsman	7		222

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HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, MCMXI

STAFF:

Horace Davis,
Marie Kearns,

Editor.
Business Manager.

The management extends its sincere thanks to contributors and advertisers whose support has made this JOURNAL possible.

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EDITORIAL



TO our mind, the editor of a commencement journal should be ranked with spring poets, "fashionable column" editors, and the like, who are expected to continue indefinitely expressing the same sentiments, with sufficient variations to beguile the reader into thinking that he has, at last, discovered a new thought on the subject. Be that as it may, we, as a class, experience the same mingling of joy and sorrow which comes to every loyal heart on leaving its alma mater. Our four years of high school life have been successful; in varying degrees, perhaps, but, nevertheless, successful. And they have been enjoyable, too. The high-browed studious pupils have, no doubt, as truly enjoyed themselves as those who have confessedly pursued their high school career very largely for the fun they were able to get out of it. But all of us are benefited, all of us have had a good time, and all of us go out into the world with strong determination to succeed and to make for ourselves names of which we may have cause to be proud.

Many of the teachers under whose supervision we have studied, will not be here to greet the Class of 1915. Mr. Hayward, who, for many years has so successfully taught all our

high school German, has justly been promoted to a greater field in college work. Though we deplore his absence, we rejoice with him in his well deserved good fortune.

Miss Ellen Foley, whom our class remembers most pleasantly both in English and Latin classes, has been persuaded to leave school work permanently. The graduating class feels glad that her stay in the high school did not end until its own.

We are sincerely thankful to all who have contributed in any way to the success of the *Journal*. Especially are we indebted to former alumnae, present students at Holyoke, Smith, and Wellesley for contributing so interestingly and enthusiastically to this number of the *Journal*. Thanks are due John Carroll, also, for the attractive cover design and other excellent decoration.

A SMILE

A smile is like the sunshine,
It gladdens all the day,
It coaxes out the sun again,
And drives the clouds away.

A smile is like sweet music,
It echoes through the heart,
And where its melody is felt,
All grief and ills depart.

A smile is like a fountain,
It bubbles o'er with cheer,
It radiates happiness around,
And drives away all fear.

A smile is like the bluebird,
Just brimming o'er with song;
In fact, there's nothing like a smile
For cheering folks along.

—B. S. R. '14.

A SOLDIER'S FORTUNE

THE February sun was rising above the distant mountain range, casting a glory over the broad fields and meadows of the vast plantation that stretched away to the beautiful Shenandoah River. The woods glistened in the first flush of morning as if they had been new-created, and in the silver birches the gay warblers were flitting to and fro. But early, as it was, down at the quarters all were astir; children were frolicking about the cabins, and within the women were singing at their work.

At the great white mansion, however, with its massive pillared portico and double gallery, quiet reigned, and the big watch dog was still sleeping on the stone steps.

About six o'clock a door opened, and a tall, dark-haired girl, in riding habit, stepped out on the veranda. The dog sprang to meet her with a joyful bark. "Hush, Bruno! We mustn't wake everybody!" she said reprovingly. Then, closely followed by the dog, she hastened down the winding path to the barn. A few minutes later Dorothy appeared mounted on a pretty, brown pony that sniffed the air and pranced as if eager to be off. As the horse's hoofs rang against the stones of the driveway, a window was flung violently open, and a voice demanded sharply, "Where are you going at this unearthly hour, Dorothy?"

"Just for a ride, Aunt Eleanor. It's too lovely to stay in the house!"

"Poor Aunt Eleanor," Dorothy thought as she galloped through the gateway, "I'm certainly the trial of her life! It's surprising she didn't say something about my terrible Yankee habit of early rising."

Hardly two months had passed since Dorothy Dalton came from her Northern home to live with her uncle in the South, yet what ages it seemed! Dorothy's father, after a serious illness, had been advised by his doctors to take an ocean voyage, and her mother had accom-

panied him. As he could ill afford the expense of taking Dorothy with them, he decided to send her to her uncle's. He reached this decision only after long deliberation, for he well knew that Dorothy, with her intense love of the North, would have to endure much that was trying in the home of her uncle, an ardent Southerner.

From the first, quiet Uncle Ben and Dorothy were firm friends, despite their differences in loyalty, but with Aunt Eleanor it was different. Dorothy soon openly rebelled against her scathing remarks about the Yankee soldiers, and matters reached a crisis when Dick, Dorothy's idolized half-brother, who had been in active service in the Union ranks since the beginning of the war, was made a target for her sneers. Often driven to desperation she would flee to Dandy, her pony,—to Dandy and the long stretches of field and road over which his fleet hoofs carried her.

The sun was three hours above the horizon when Dorothy drew rein at the spring among the trees. While the pony drank, Bruno went exploring up the hillside, and soon his frantic barking called the girl to a thicket, where she gazed down in amazement upon a young soldier in Confederate gray, his uniform stained with blood. He stirred slightly, and seeing this sign of life, Dorothy picked up the empty canteen that was lying beside him, and quickly brought water from the spring. As to her next move, however, she was greatly perplexed. What should she do? How could she help this wounded soldier, enemy though he was? Not until evening could he be taken safely home. In the meantime she would tell Uncle Ben. The soldier agreed silently to her plan, and Dorothy sped for her uncle's advice and assistance.

Consternation seized her when she learned that her uncle and aunt would not be at home until late in the evening. How the day did

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THE TAUNTON HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL

drag! At dusk, Dorothy with two trusted servants made their way across the fields to the hill above the spring, fashioned a rude litter of boughs, and placed the soldier upon it. The little procession then cautiously returned to the house, and halted at a room in a rarely used wing—a room that the girl had fitted up with her aunt's grudging permission as a kind of store room for the treasures she gathered from woods and fields. As she was lighting the tall candles, she noticed the soldier's eyes fixed upon her with a peculiar expression. "You're for the South, aren't you?" he demanded abruptly.

"For the South? *Never!*" Dorothy's head was lifted in a flash. "Do you think I'd have that if I were?" and she turned to an American flag hanging over one of the windows.

"But why are you doing all this for me?"

"I'm not quite heartless even if I am a Northerner!" Dorothy said scornfully. "You Southerners seem to think we are brutes!"

"I didn't say I was a Southerner, did I?" the soldier questioned with a slight smile.

"No, but you didn't need to. I can tell a Southerner when I see one."

"Well, you made a mistake this time."

"What!" Dorothy almost dropped the candle. "Why your uniform—I thought—"

"I don't wonder you thought so, but I'm in the 6th Regiment, Company C of the New York Volunteers."

"Then you must be a—a spy!" Dorothy said slowly.

Though eager to hear more, she noticed the pallor creep over the soldier's face, and ceased her questioning.

The sound of carriage wheels announced the return of her uncle and aunt, and Dorothy, leaving the wounded soldier in the care of the two servants, went to meet them with a perplexed mind. Well she knew with what scant ceremony her aunt would treat one of the enemy, even if wounded; and it did not seem at all likely that he could play his assumed role without discovery. "Yet 'Fortune favors the brave,'" Dorothy quoted to herself.

Her uncle was standing at the foot of the broad stairs. "Here, Puss, something for you!" and he tossed her a letter, laughing at the eagerness with which she tore it open.

"Oh, Uncle Ben!" Dorothy's face was radiant. "Father and mother have come back, and are coming here—why they'll be here tomorrow, *to-morrow*, Uncle Ben! This letter has been wandering round the country for weeks!"

"I know all about it, Puss—I have a letter myself, and it's very fortunate they're coming now, for your aunt has just received word that her sister in Richmond is sick and wants her to come at once. We are leaving to-morrow morning."

"The Fates are with me this time!" Dorothy thought gleefully. "Now if I only can keep Aunt Eleanor away from that room!" And she set about helping her aunt with the preparations for the journey. She made numberless trips to every part of the mansion; she helped with the packing until her head reeled, all the while listening silently to her aunt's nervous chatter.

Not until after midnight did the house settle into quiet. Yet Dorothy was up with the sun, assisting in the last hurried details, and it was with a feeling of deep relief that she saw the carriage drive away.

The best of care was given the soldier, yet his chances for recovery seemed slight. To make matters worse, soon after the Daltons' arrival, Dick was brought to them seriously ill with fever, and then indeed came weeks of ceaseless anxiety.

The gloom was finally dispelled, however, for one morning Dick began to mend. From his sister he had heard much of the wounded soldier who, in a distant room, was beginning to use his crutches. Dorothy was about to introduce the two when, to her amazement, the crutches moved across the floor with astonishing rapidity, while her brother exclaimed "Great Scott! Fred Weston!"

"Dick Wheeler! *You* here!" came with equal surprise from the other.

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"Weston and I were together at West Point," Dick explained to his bewildered sister. "We received our appointments at the same time, and I haven't heard a word about him since."

Within a few weeks the two soldiers were able to return to their regiments, but not to

active service, for Lee soon surrendered. Presently Dorothy received a note from Dick "It's all over, I'm coming home. Fred will be with me. I don't suppose you'll mind, shall you?"

CLASS PROPHECY

ON an afternoon in July, 1920, as I rounded a corner in Boston, I came suddenly face to face with the editor-in-chief of the Taunton *Argus* who asked me to report a class reunion that was to be held the following day at Provincetown. I was delighted with this offer for, back in our school days, the Class of 1911 had always been noted for its diversity of attainments and its ability to do remarkable things. I, therefore, threw business cares to the four winds, packed my suit case, and at four o'clock the next afternoon stood in the gateway of the American Transcontinental Airship Company's grounds in the suburbs of Boston. Directly before me was the office, a substantial white stone building, from which at this moment issued Earl Hopkins, manager of the A. T. A. Company's Boston branch. With him were the first of the Provincetown party: Ella Baker and Ethel Hutchins, operators of an extensive fruit farm in Riverside, California; Clara Colvin, who had come straight from the White House, where she held the position of advisory secretary to the President's wife, and was much valued for her correct information on all subjects; Hazel Davidson and Lillian Nichols, joint owners of a sanitarium in Sharon; Winifred Regan, a remarkably successful music teacher in Baltimore; Myrtis Hall and Ruth Lang, managers of the Y. W. C. A. building in Honolulu; Marie Kearns, head of a fashionable dress-making establishment in Rio^{de} Janeiro, where she was the admiration of her many Spanish patrons; Edith McClellan, a noted author from Cam-

bridge, England, whose latest work, "*Notes on Burke's Conciliation Speech*" caused a great stir in the literary world; and Hope Paling, a successful New York photographer, who had perfected the art of telegraphic photography.

We had barely time to exchange greetings before we saw our great white airship approaching from the direction of Worcester, and in two minutes we were all on board. There we found Myrtle Arden, proprietor of a famous shop for foreign china and bric-a-brac in Albany; Edith Ashley, a graduate of one of our best training-schools, now conducting a large private school in Oberlin; Alice Tuttle, preceptress of a girls' school in Atlanta; Florence Vincombe, principal of the same school; Grace Tobey, a Worcester dress-maker; Josephine Owens, a noted elocutionist of St. Louis; Louise Waitt, teacher of English and elocution in Minneapolis; Lillian Reilly, an inventor from Annapolis, whose fire-engine and airship combined had attracted much attention because of its remarkable effectiveness in a recent fire at the Navel Academy; Bertha Staples, purchaser of paintings for a large art store in New Orleans; John Hall, the most successful dentist in Minneapolis; Jack Carroll, a famous army surgeon, now stationed in the Philippines; and Charles Sheehan, head base-ball coach at Harvard.

In a few minutes we had left Boston far behind and were all flying toward Provincetown, for Lorna Staples' popular hotel on Pilgrim Heights was our destination. As we sped over the picturesque villages, we noticed with surprise their well kept appearance.

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"That is the result of Ruth Sanford's work," said one of the party, "You know she is president of the New England Improvement Society and has made a fortune lecturing on this subject."

In the meantime, the sky had clouded over, rain began to fall, and we were just thinking of seeking the cabin when our attention was drawn to a giant touring car that was speeding along the road below us. "Something is the matter with that car!" some one exclaimed, and a moment later the auto swerved suddenly from the road, plunged down a steep hill, carried a wire fence away before it, and came to an abrupt halt in a field of celery in the rear of a long row of farm buildings. A man rushed out and was evidently congratulating them on their narrow escape from violent death. Upon turning our field-glasses on the scene, we discovered that he was Leonard Wood, owner of a first-class, scientifically-managed market-garden, and that the autoists were none other than,—Lillian Seekell, a professional housekeeper of Washington, who had gained renown by her skill in planning receptions in the homes of various senators; Ruth Sanford, just returned from a lecture tour in the South; Grace Burns, a St. Louis music teacher; Annie Ennes, a French tutor in the family of an English duke in Edinburgh; Nellie Gaffney and Corinne Radcliffe, whose hair-dressing parlors in Newport were patronized by the most exclusive set; Helen Chase, governess in the family of a French Noble, in Paris; Catharine Cabana, teacher of manual training in Baltimore; Russell Smith and Nelson Leonard, both judges of the Supreme Court; and John Peters, owner of a great fruit-store in Cambridge, much patronized by Harvard students.

We alighted in a neighboring field and learned that the steering gear of the machine had broken. Examination showed that it would require considerable time to put it in running order again; so the auto was towed by a pair of farm horses to Earl Tinkham's garage a mile distant, and with these eleven additions to our

party we continued our interrupted journey. It was raining hard now and we sought the cabin for the remainder of our trip. We came to earth on a field in the rear of the hotel, and through the driving rain hastened up to the hospitable building, perched on the highest point of land in the vicinity.

The earlier arrivals were awaiting us in the hotel hall,—Louise Delhanty and Colette Dorgan, owners of a candy factory in Milford, whose products already ranked as equals of Lowney's; Anne Dwyer, a Latin teacher in Radcliffe; Susie Bosworth, a kindergarten teacher in Baltimore; Maud Macomber, teacher of typewriting and stenography in Bryant and Stratton; Nellie Gaffney, business manager for Lorna Staples; Bernice Godfrey, president of Detroit's Woman's Club; Elizabeth Huber, a most successful London lawyer; Henry Dunbar, a wealthy bank president of Detroit; Carlton Sartoris, an eminent physician, connected with Philadelphia's largest hospital.

We made our way at once to the main hall where the fire of driftwood in the open fire place sent strange shadows dancing over the walls. The rain sounded on the windows with increasing vigor, and the wind shrieked, tearing the blinds from their fastenings and making all the buildings tremble. Much anxiety was felt for the safety of a steam yacht that was to bring the remainder of the Provincetown party. Edward Waldron owned the shipyards in Providence, and it was on one of his yachts that the party was to come.

We amused ourselves as best we might while awaiting the call to supper. Our four lawyers became involved in a deep discussion of a recent court decision and so exciting was the conversation that it required three summons to the dining hall to make the least impression on them. The spirits of all rose as the meal progressed; each one had amusing incidents of his career to relate, and shipwreck and disaster seemed no longer so imminent. We were just rising from the table when the wireless telephone operator announced that the "Mer-

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maid" was aground on Peaked Hill Bar, but that everybody had reached shore safely. They would be well looked after at the life saving station and would arrive here to-morrow. Nothing remained for us to do but to possess our souls with patience and wait for morning.

Shortly after daybreak, Dunbar's electric tug swung around the point and we were glad to welcome our belated friends: Dorothy Park, a New York settlement worker, known from Hudson Bay to the Potomac as "The Angel of the New York Slums;" Mildred Leonard, editor of the *Society Critic*, a popular fashion magazine published in San Francisco; Anna May Kevican, a Washington landscape gardener; Mildred Gilman, a Boston milliner with summer quarters at Bar Harbor; Grace Haskins and Ruth Harrington, owners of extensive greenhouses in San Francisco, who had made several trips to Africa for rare plants; Alice Goodwin, a trained nurse of Washington, who was in great demand among the Four Hundred; Helen Cronan and Mary King, personal conductors of tours to the Himalayas and the Andes; Lelia Curran, a noted composer of Berlin; Madeline Bray, teacher of domestic science in Tokio; Raymond Irving, physical director of the Baltimore Y. M. C. A.; Merrill Wilber, owner of a popular haberdashery in London; Horace Davis, successful real estate owner and bank president in Washington; Roy Walker, a Liverpool surgeon; Carleton Phillips, a Berlin pattern maker; and Herbert Fenton, a Baltimore millionaire.

The next two days passed all too quickly, and it seemed only a few hours before we gathered on the wide hotel piazza for our last evening. To our right blinked the yellow Highland Light; before us at our feet lay the battleships in the moonlit harbor. We sang songs and told stories until long after taps sounded on board the battleships.

As the meeting broke up, the class agreed it never could have a happier, more complete reunion. "It's like the good old times we used to have in T. H. S. Blessings on the school and the class of 1911!"

—M. B. '11

SUPERLATIVES OF 1911.

The sportiest fellow—SMITH*.
The shortest fellow—HOPKINS.
The tallest fellow—TINKHAM.
The best athlete—SHEEHAN.
The man of all work—CARROLL.
The terror to teachers—LEONARD.
The teachers' delight—BREENE.
The biggest bluffer—HALL.
The best looking fellow—DAVIS.
The fastest talker—WALDRON.
The fellow who never was absent—SARTORIS.
The fellow who never was excused—PETERS.
The fellow with the broadest smile—DUNBAR.
The fellow who never failed—WALKER.
The fellow who never cribbed—WOOD.
The boy who never shaved—PHILLIPS.
The best walker—IRVING.
The man with the money—WILBUR after the prize drills.

*Treasurer of Athletic Association.

So young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe.

—M. Macomber.

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.
—D. Park.

Joy rises in me like a summer's morn.
—L. Nichols.

Oh never say that I was false of heart
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
—Lelia Curran.

Much had he read,
Much more had he seen; he studied from
life,
And in the original perused mankind.
—R. Smith.

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some
believed him mad.
—V. Breene.



WILBUR	DAVIS	MARION NICHOLS	HOSLEY
BERTHA STAPLES	MARIE KEARNS	COACH	CATHERINE CABANA
	CARROLL	BERNICE GODEFREY	

MRS. PENELOPE'S HOME-COMING.

LITTLE Mrs. Penelope Babbitt was stepping briskly about her tiny corner room in the Tiltonville Old Ladies' Home. The sun was streaming gaily through her south window; for it was a bewitchingly beautiful April morning,—a morning made to fill the world with gladness. The buds were swelling on the horse-chestnut trees outside the window. A pair of phoebes were calling cheerily to each other. Mrs. Penelope, keenly alive to the delights of the awakening spring, kept tripping to the window to take long whiffs of the clear spring air. Deep down in her heart, a happy little song was joyously running, keeping time to her swift steps about the chamber. "I'm going home to my little pansy bed," was what it sang, over and over again. Small wonder that the little woman's face shone with a light as cheery as the morning itself.

Three years before, Mrs. Penelope Babbitt, left all alone in the world and unable to support herself, had sorrowfully turned the key in the lock of her little country home in Saybrook, and come to the Old Ladies' Home in Tiltonville to spend the rest of her days. Her life at the institution had been comfortable, but much more desolate than that in the little house where she had spent her earlier life. Then, one wonderful morning a month ago, the letter had come, telling of the fortunate outcome of certain investments in lower California, which her husband had made—entirely without her knowledge—some years before his death. The business had been finished up quickly and the resulting sum of money deposited in her name in the Brentwood Bank. Although the sum was not very large, Mrs. Penelope knew that she could have contrived to get along on a still smaller amount for the sake of returning to her old home. The vine-covered cottage had been left untouched, at her request, since it would have brought but little at best, and she could

not bear the thought of strangers' living in the dear old rooms. Now she was going back to it.

Mrs. Penelope spent her last day at the Home, packing her trunk and taking leave of all the old ladies, who, though they realized that they were losing a cheery and obliging companion, nevertheless rejoiced at her good fortune.

The next morning Mrs. Penelope, trembling with joy and wondering if she should wake up soon and find it all a dream, bought her ticket and boarded the train for Saybrook. All along the way the farmers were turning up the moist earth with the plough. Mrs. Penelope sat gazing out of the window, lost in delicious contemplation. Now the wheels of the train were singing that glad little song over and over, "I'm going home to my little pansy bed."

Before long, she felt herself being scrutinized, and, turning her eyes into the car, she saw a little boy—his large, solemn, gray eyes fixed upon her—perched on the seat beside a huge brown paper bundle. He wore a little gray checked suit and on the back of his head a tiny red cap. The happy little lady smiled at him, but his features gave no answering gleam, and he only continued to gaze mournfully at her. Opposite the boy was a large careworn-looking woman, who was watching the little fellow anxiously. Observing Mrs. Penelope's interested and questioning look, the other leaned over and said:

"That's little Bobbie McLean. His mother was buried yesterday and now I'm taking him to the Brentwood Orphans' Home. He's been just that way ever since she died—almost spell-bound like—never smiling, not even crying, but just looking around with that gloomy, scared expression that goes right to your heart. If something doesn't rouse him pretty soon, I don't know what will happen."

All this she said in a confidential whisper. The little boy paid no heed, but kept on staring

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at Mrs. Penelope. That gentle lady, touched by the sad little story,—all the more so, because it reminded her of a certain little grave in Saybrook cemetery, exclaimed:

"What a pity! And must he go to the asylum? Is there no one who could take him and give him tenderer care than he will receive there?"

"No, ma'am," the good-hearted woman replied sorrowfully, "he's a dear little fellow, but his folks were poor and there was nobody but his mother to look after him, and now she's gone,—a good woman she was, too. I've got five children myself, and my poor husband has a hard time as it is, or I'd take him in, in a minute. He's a most lovable child."

The train by this time had reached Brentwood, and, gathering up her bundles, the woman smiled good-by to Mrs. Penelope and left the car, Bobbie following her closely. Mrs. Penelope watched them, as they walked to the end of the platform, and then the train moved on.

The next station was Saybrook, and in her delight at the familiar scene, Mrs. Penelope forgot for the time the incident which had so touched her. She left the train and drew a deep breath of contentment as she looked about her. Here was the little old station, just the same as when she had left it, except for a fresh coat of dark green paint. There was the tiny box of a post-office, scarcely larger than the little house the gate-tender occupied. She drank some of the iron water at the pump, for old times' sake, and then passed up the familiar road, turned the corner and came upon the low-roofed cottage,—her lifelong home!

Under the windows some brave, gay crocuses were blooming. Beyond the house and barn, the tall, hard pines contrasted vividly with the slender birches, just putting forth their tender, light green leaves. A bright bluebird was perched on the clothes pole. Truly this was a pleasant place to come back to, and Mrs. Penelope's eyes filled with happy tears, as she sat down on the door-step to collect herself.

Finally she found the key, hanging in its accustomed nook behind the blind, unlocked the door, and entered.

Some kindly neighbor had been there before her, for the shades were all up, the little alarm clock was ticking away on the shelf, and on the table near the door was a little white vase, containing some early purple violets. Mrs. Penelope knew just where they grew, down in a sunny spot in the pasture by the brook. She pushed open the sitting room door. There the first object that caught her eye was a little worn and faded arm-chair, in the sun by the south window where it had stood in the days before its little occupant had left it. Her eyes filled with blinding tears, and, stumbling across the room, she knelt down by the chair—overcome with the deepest and tenderest sorrow of her life—the loss of her little son long years before.

She thought she had grown used to the pain and that it could no longer hurt her so keenly; but this sudden return to the familiar surroundings,—to the little old chair and the sunny rooms,—brought back with a rush a flood of tender and painful recollections. As she knelt there, and the dear memories passed through her mind, she wondered if, now that she had come back, she were going to be more lonesome than ever. Her mind wandered to her journey thither. Suddenly a thought struck her. What if —

She lost no time in setting about the carrying out of her idea. Without waiting to change her travelling clothes, she tripped down the road to the Bassett place. After chatting a few minutes with the ladies and begging them to be neighborly, Mrs. Penelope asked where she could find Farmer Ben.

"He's around the place somewhere," said Miss Bassett, "I can't tell just where. I'll blow the horn for him, if you like."

"No, no," said Mrs. Penelope, "it's 'most noon and he'll likely be coming up to the barn."

Early the next morning, Farmer Ben brought around to Mrs. Penelope's door old Bess, har-

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nessed to the light buggy. Mrs. Penelope, who had been watching for him, after receiving from the farmer some directions about old Bess which she merrily declared she didn't need, clambered into the vehicle and drove briskly down the road towards Brentwood.

Three o'clock in the afternoon saw her returning and beside her a solemn-eyed little boy, wearing a little gray checked suit and on the back of his head a tiny red cap. Mrs. Penelope was talking animatedly, and as she held old Bess for the boy to jump out, she added:

"And I know just where you'll find some new checkerberry leaves. You go right in between that big oak and that little birch and keep straight ahead until you come to an old broken down rail fence. And right there, under a little cedar, you'll find some of the tenderest, sweetest checkerberry leaves you ever put into your mouth."

The boy was off, slowly and without a word,

almost before she had finished speaking. Mrs. Penelope drove old Bess home and then came back and busied herself about the house. Hours passed and still no sign of Bobbie. Beginning to be just the least bit anxious, Mrs. Penelope went out into the yard, thinking that perhaps she had better go to look for him. Just then, however, she observed a little figure hurrying out of the wood. When he caught sight of her, he began to run. His eyes were shining and his face was all lit up with pleasure, as he rushed up to her and flung a handful of violets into her outstretched hands.

"Just see what I found," he panted, "across the road in the pasture. And I saw a bird's nest and say,—there's a great trout brook over there!"

He stopped to get his breath while Mrs. Penelope looked at him in glad astonishment. The spell was broken.

A. F.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

No wealth is like a quiet mind.

—Fenton

One thing is forever good;

That one thing is success.

—C. Cabana.

His life was gentle and the elements

So mixed in him that nature might stand

And say to all the world. 'This was a man.'

—Henry Dunbar.

Bashfulness is an ornament to youth.

—Ethel Hutchins.

I myself will lead a private life and in devotion spend my latter days.

—Horace Davis.

He was a veray parfit gentil Knight.

—Henry Dunbar.

She reads much,

Is a great observer, and she looks

Quite through the deeds of men.

—Elizabeth Huber.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

Puffs, powders, patches, ribbons gay, and bows.

—Marie Kearns.

She wears the rose of youth upon her—

—Bernice Godfrey.

There is society where none intrudes.

—Elizabeth Huber.

I arise from dreams of thee,

—Corinne Ratcliffe.

I have strange power of speech.

—J. Carroll.

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Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1911.

BE it remembered that we, the Class of 1911 of the Taunton High School, in the County of Bristol and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, do, in view of our approaching dissolution, make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all wills by us at any time heretofore made.

WE BEQUEATH:

First: To the School:

1. Constant and loving allegiance.
2. Our share of anticipation in the famous athletic field, which has been shipped and is now on the way.
3. Gallons upon gallons of tomato soup, ham sandwiches, and prunes which we did not have the chance to consume in the mythical lunch room.
4. Typewriters and adding machines which we have kept fresh and new for future generations.

Second: To the Faculty:

1. Our heart felt thanks for all favors granted, and appreciation of their advice on all perilous questions and help in time of need.
2. Our sincerest gratitude for their never-failing and untiring interest in our welfare in the school room and out, "forenoon and afternoon and night."

Third: To the Class of 1912:

The challenge to spend as glorious a senior year in the old T. H. S. as we have spent.

The dignity of 1911 (what she has left) and the respect of under classmen.

The senior room and the right to try to fill it as we did.

The privilege of slaving for a diploma as only 1911 has had to slave.

Fourth: To the English Department:

Barrels of commas, periods, and semicolons—without spot or blemish—which we have employed so frugally.

Lastly, we desire that this document shall be hung on a weeping willow tree, forty-two inches from the ground where all from the shortest senior to the tallest freshman may conveniently read and inwardly digest.

Furthermore, we nominate and appoint our honored, true, and loyal friends, Mr. Woolley and Venus de Milo, as executors of this our last will and testament, to which we have heretofore set our hands and seal this tenth of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven.

CLASS OF 1911.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of us who hereby affix our signatures,—

FREDERICK T. COOK
WRIGHT BROS.
MERCURY

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

Come, my Corinnal come, let's go a-Maying.
—*Corinne Ratchiffe.*

And as a vapour or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again.
—*E. Hopkins.*

And all the soldiers in a trice
His summons did obey.

—*Dunbar*

Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

—*N. Leonard.*



CARROLL, 1ST LIEUT.

DUNBAR, CAPT.

HALL, 2ND LIEUT.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1911

THE history of the Class of 1911—only seven words, yet to us how fraught with meaning and with memories, memories of trials and disappointments, of pleasures and successes, and of never-to-be-forgotten friendships.

Scarcely four years ago we assembled—a band of unsophisticated youngsters who had hardly reached our “teens,” and whose knee trousers and short skirts at once marked us as freshmen,—freshmen of the class of 1911. Here in the high school hall the present members of the graduating class, sent on from the numerous grammar schools and outlying districts, first met as a body. The dream of our youth was realized, and we were registered and enrolled as high school students.

And to the victor belonged the spoils,—spoils of Latin, history, physiology, rhetoric, and algebra, especially algebra. Sometimes when the yoke of algebra seemed too heavy, we regretted our bondage and wished ourselves back in the grammar school.

With class organization, however, our bonds were strengthened and a real attachment for the high school made itself felt. On November 5, our first class meeting was held and the following officers chosen: President, Horace A. Davis; Vice-President, Amos Collins; Secretary, John J. Carroll; Treasurer, Bertha Staples. After various necessary committees had been appointed, this, our first meeting, adjourned. Later in the month, another was held to select our class colors, crimson and gold. Not long after a most remarkable growth in the length of the trousers of many of the young men became noticeable, and, by the end of the year, Hopkins alone, found himself in a most embarrassing condition from which he did not recover until recently.

Early in their freshman year some of the fellows took an active interest in the cadet company and made the upper-classmen scramble

at the competitive drills even to appear in the last round. During this year “Charlie” Sheehan, and our old classmate “Jack” Kennedy first began to show their prowess and to gain athletic honors for the class. Of course all studied more or less in order to rest on their laurels during the remainder of their course.

The following year those of us who succeeded in passing the danger mark (only 60 % at the time) found ourselves in a position to offer advice to the poor “freshies.” We guided them to lost recitation rooms, aired our superior knowledge of *amo, amare*, and insisted that they were too young and small ever to hope to attempt geometry. No events of striking importance occurred in this year with the possible exception of the advent into athletics of such brilliant athletes as John Buckley (better known as “Sweeney,”) “Freddie” Smith, “Ray” Irving, “Gertie” Powers, “Shorty” Collins, “Vic” Breene, “Shine” Wood, “Johnnie” Hall, “Hans” Peters, and “Jim” Lynch—all of whom contributed their share toward forming the various crack teams, which had maintained their reputation throughout our entire career.

Exams. closed the year’s work and also the doors of the school upon not a few of our classmates who were henceforth never seen gracing a platform again. Does the reader remember those exams? That week was so hot that “little Earl” lost fifty pounds! Actual fact! And it was that same week that a large number lost their chance of making the junior class.

Our junior year was slowly passing when on March 29, President Davis called a meeting to discuss the production of a class play. It was unanimously voted to place the matter in the hands of the class officers with the result that the grafters all kindly consented to take an active part themselves. In spite of the resulting graft, however, the play was proclaimed to be the best ever. To Miss Marion Nichols, who

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coached the play, the class is especially indebted for much of its success. "Freshman Smith" was presented to a crowded house June 10, at Odd Fellows' Hall. The leading parts were admirably taken by Marie Kearns and Horace Davis, while the other parts, played by Bernice Godfrey, Bertha Staples, Catherine Cabana, Loring Hasely, "Jack" Carroll, and Merrill Wilbur, could not have been improved upon.

When we returned to our senior year Amos Collins, vice president of the class, had left school. (Rumor had it, he intended to go to housekeeping.) The class, therefore, assembled in the senior room and elected Merrill O. Wilbur to fill the vacancy. Since then va-

rious other meetings concerning graduation have been held which, being so recent, hardly require mention.

Further I cannot go. What the future will be fate only can decide. With graduation on next Wednesday, our instruction and labors here will have been consummated, and we shall have taken leave of our Alma Mater forever. But as we have been bound together in the past, may we continue to be so bound in the future and as loyal alumni support our school, and those who have made our career here most pleasant.

J. C. '11.

MAY DAY AT WELLESLEY

WHENEVER you are weary of study, or tired of your companions, and long for the country and a care-free frolic, just come to Wellesley on May-day. There you will become a child again, forgetting your duties and tiresome routine, and play and play until perhaps you may ask yourself whether you have not been fancying that you were grown up, and have never really left the play-day age. Come with me now at any rate, and I will show you how Wellesley girls keep young and happy,

Promptly at six o'clock of May-day morning, the freshmen, (when their class is an odd number) clad in white and carrying garlands of pink flowers, march up to College Hall to serenade the seniors; gathered about the steps that lead from the South Porch down to the shores of Lake Waban, they sing the old songs which sounded forth so cheerily when all of merry England kept May-day.

"Come ye maidens, come along,
With your music, dance, and song;
Bring your garlands in your hands
For 'tis that which love demands.
Then to the May-pole haste away,
For 'tis now a holiday."

Then the seniors with tooth-brushes, scrub brushes, or nail brushes, and pails of water begin the annual bathing of some of the largest statues. The most athletic girls climb high up on the back of the Backwoodsman on the South Porch, and wash and scrub him so that his face may be fit to receive the salutation of the senior president. After a sieve is wedged over his face for a mask, a bat slipped into his uplifted hands, and a sweater tied about his waist, the freshmen leave to serenade the other ten campus houses, and the seniors throng in to see Harriet, another statue of heroic size (under whose chair every undergraduate must be pulled before she can receive her B. A.); Harriet is washed every other year, and in the intervening years she has a sou' wester put on her head, and a dozen or so raincoats draped about her. Then while some eat an impromptu breakfast of doughnuts and coffee, others scamper about to see how the girls who live in College Hall have decorated the other statues. Niobe and her children wear French heeled slippers, picture hats, and spangled scarfs; Venus has become a snake-charmer; George Washington wears an aviation cap and a bathing suit; Daniel Webster has curl papers and a

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kimona; Diana and her stag represent a Boston Mary and "her lambie which has become a chamois;" the Sleeping Infant is adorned with a pig-tail, a freshman sweater, and a school-bag; and Ceres with a sophomore sweater holds a forensic which the juniors have not burned.

About eight o'clock the seniors now dignified with cap and gown, assemble at the North Porch, and at a signal from their president roll their hoops down the steep hill towards chapel. Such a laughing, madly rushing, yet uncertain progress as it is! The big, billowing sleeves of the gowns flap this way and that, getting in every one's way, the hoops roll gaily down banking, into shrubbery, and against the under-class girls gathered at the roadside, and many a senior, to avoid the disgrace of being the last one down, swings her hoop about her neck and starts off at a quick run. Beginning at the chapel door they form two long black lines with their hoops arched overhead, and sing their class song over and over, while the three underclasses march under two by two. "We, nineteen 'leven, bring to you

Steadfast devotion, strong and deep,
The white and yellow will be true,

Right faithfully this pledge we'll keep.
We will not fail, our loyalty

Is all for thee, is all for thee."

For fifteen minutes the usual daily chapel service is conducted; then the sophomores, waiting impatiently until the seniors have marched out, with a wild rush scramble back up the hill, where, sitting on the grass, they form the numerals of their sister class, the seniors. Then at nine o'clock the usual morning classes proceed, and May-day has an intermission until the middle of the afternoon.

About three o'clock children begin to assemble on the green from all directions,—some in baby clothes, in rompers, or French dresses with enormous ribbon bows, others as darky mummies, orientals, clowns, and Scotch Highlanders; here a girl of the early eighties, with cord-screw curls and pantalets, there a romping

boy in blouse and bloomers,—among all the thirteen hundred girls scarcely any two dressed alike. For a time they jump rope, play London bridge, hop scotch, drop the handkerchief, or blind man's bluff; then comes the crowning of the freshman class president by the senior president as Queen of the May. A long procession, headed by a little page in red velvet, with white plumed hat, and a silver trumpet, follows the queen in and out across the green until they reach a dais covered with green velvet; here in a few words the coronation is performed, and with a wreath of the senior class flowers on her head the new queen smilingly accepts the May basket presented by the sophomore president. She is then usually seized by some of her enthusiastic classmates and ridden about on their shoulders with much cheering and singing. The others gather around the May-pole, where about thirty girls weave the different colored ribbons in and out until the whole pole is a gaily painted check-board, and those who are "threading" must crawl under the string; few wait to watch the long process of unweaving, but go hunting for other amusement. This year it was furnished by "Susy," the trained pet of College Hall. It was led to the center of the green by a trainer dressed in Scotch plaid and kilts, and by six girls attired in gymnasium bloomers, white blouses, and black, scoop-shaped hats with black plumes, playing on harmonicas, combs, and mouth organs lively, popular airs. "Susy" herself belonged to no class known by biologists; she was about twelve feet long, partly red, partly green, with a long, giraffe-like neck, and head with leering yellow features. (The *deus ex machina* was eight girls beneath.) Keeping time to the music, the creature commenced gamboling about, first in a barn dance and then in a gliding "Boston;" once it broke loose from its trainer and, dashing amongst the spectators, caused some damage of rumped finery; when it was captured it shivered and shook, evidently in great agony, until the red portion parted from the green, and two "Susies"

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appeared. In the evolutions of another dance it united again, and with protesting kicks was driven from the green by its trainer.

After the afternoon frolic the greater part of May-day is over, but once again, in the evening, the girls assemble, this time on the chapel steps, for the first step-singing of the year. The seniors in the place of honor on the upper steps begin with their class song, and then all the class and crew songs, of older classes and classes now in college, rollicking ditties, and tender serenades follow. The sophomores sing their crew song for the first time and then loudly demand, "We want the freshman song! We want the freshman song!" The freshmen,

never caught napping, although as yet they have no official class song, respond with some witty verses set to a popular air. Last of all, fitting close to a Wellesley May-day, rings far out to Quadrangle and Hill the college song:

"To Alma Mater, Wellesley's daughters,

All together join and sing,
Thro' all her wealth of woods and waters

Let your happy voices ring;
In every changing mood we love her,

Love her towers and woods and lake;
Oh, changeful sky, bend blue above her,
Wake ye birds, your chorus wake!"

RUTH ALBRO WOODWARD,
Wellesley College, 1913.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

The gods will strew gems in abundance upon thee.

—*Helen Chase.*

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.

—*M. Leonard.*

Happy art thou as if every day thou hadst
picked up a horseshoe.

—*M. Hall.*

A man's a man for a' that.

—*Hopkins.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

—*R. Walker.*

I am a part of all that I have met.

—*Waldron.*

A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.

—*Peters.*

Faultless to a fault.

—*M. Bray.*

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye.

—*A. Goodwin.*

He had a face like a benediction.

—*M. Wilbur.*

And still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.

—*N. Leonard.*

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

—*E. Tinkham.*

Oh, keep me innocent, make others great!

—*L. Wood.*

Away with him, away with him; he speaks
Latin.

—*Irving.*

Lord! they have taught me Latin in pure waste.

—*A. Tuttle.*

Whose face is this so musically fair?

—*L. Waitt.*

LIFE AT MOUNT HOLYOKE

DO you not want to go to college, seniors, especially to Mount Holyoke? "Why?" do you ask. Well, let me tell you a few interesting and characteristic facts about Mount Holyoke. The little town of South Hadley where the college is, is set down in the Connecticut Valley, within walking distance of the river, and under the shadow of a half circle of comfortable motherly-looking mountains. Mount Holyoke, the largest mountain in the Holyoke range, which separates South Hadley from the town of Amherst, is only five miles from the college. The notch is the narrow, opening into that hardly-attainable paradise Amherst; in other words it is a cleft in the Holyoke range through which the highway, with car line, passes. From Mount Tom, which is at the other end of this range, the view of the Connecticut Valley is wonderful. Rattlesnake Ledge, on one slope of Mount Tom, is the scene of part of Holmes' novel, "Elsie Venner." Bitter-Sweet Lane, so called on account of the bitter-sweet berries that grow on its borders, is the scene of J. G. Holland's book "Bitter Sweet."

We make much use of our hills, for many are the tramps that we take to them. Nearly every one at least once in her college course walks the range, and climbs to the top of Mount Holyoke in the very early dawn, to see the sunrise. In the early part of October is the regular College Mountain Day, when the entire student-body decamps for the mountains in jolly groups, to have a whole day of autumn sunshine. In the spring the freshmen have a day when they go as a class to Mount Holyoke, and they do all kinds of stunts and get better acquainted with each other than ever before. The seniors have their Mountain Day just before Commencement—the whole class stays up on Mount Holyoke from the afternoon of one day to the evening of the next. The time up there is full, with banquets and class-meetings—

early in the morning their mail comes up to them, mail stuffed with letters and packages from all their college friends and from many outside ones, also. There are other activities peculiar to certain classes. On May Day, for instance, the seniors, in white dresses and academic cap and gown, jump rope, while the rest of the college applauds and sings. A week or so later the juniors spin their tops under similar circumstances. The freshmen, sometime in the winter or spring, have their frolic which they try to keep entirely secret from the sophomores until it is over. Our freshman year we celebrated up on Prospect at five o'clock in the morning, and then at breakfast time, when our festivities were over, we serenaded the just-awaking Sophomores.

Athletics hold a prominent position in our college. In the fall there is the track meet, when the college athletes do the high jump and the broad jump, and the hurdles, and other strenuous feats. There is tennis practice all the fall and spring for the tennis tournaments. In February the inter-class basket ball games are played. Then each class decorates and occupies a quarter of the gymnasium, and encourages its team to its best in animated songs. For those less strenuously inclined there are beautiful long walks, and rowing on the shiny little lake. This lake furnishes excellent skating in the winter, and the ice carnival, when bonfires, a brass band, and doughnuts and coffee make good cheer, is a big event of the season.

But there are yet many other activities. "Dramatics are there?" do you ask. There are always two fine Dramatic Club plays, every year, and also the original shows given by the two upper classes. Then there are the May Day and Commencement plays given up on Prospect Hill in our open-air theatre. Our May Day is celebrated, for the entire student body, with all its visiting friends and relations, ad-

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journs to the Hill for the afternoon and evening. Often one of the plays, sometimes both, is by outside talent, as for instance in previous years the Ben Greet Company has presented Shakespeare's plays. Last year Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea" was given by the college girls, and the Greek play "Electra" by the Coburn players of England.

We have a student publication, the "Mount Holyoke," containing literature in all forms written by the students. There is an active Debating Society, composed of two chapters, the senior and the junior. Every May there is a grand debate between the two, and to the winning chapter goes the silver gavel and stand. Music is not lacking, for we possess a college orchestra, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, a Glee Club, and a wonderful vesper choir. Many fine concerts by both outside and local talent are given in the course of the year, and the beauty of our vesper service is famed. All our devotional services are held in our chapel, at half past eight every morning except Wednesday, our holiday, and at half past ten on Sunday. Many are the fine speakers we have heard in our chapel. President Hyde of Bowdoin, Dr. Lyman Abbott, President Faunce of Brown, President Benton of Smith, and Mr. Robert E. Speer are a few examples.

It may sound as if life were all play at Mount

Holyoke. Indeed it is not, but we feel that the song we sing is very true:—

"I know a nice place for young girls to work,
Mount Holyoke, you know, Mount Holyoke,
you know,"

We love it so dearly we never would shirk,
At Holyoke, Mount Holyoke, you know."

We love our college best, I think, and feel most deeply what Mount Holyoke means to us, when we gather in the sunset glow in the spring, immediately after dinner, around Williston steps. Only seniors can sit on these steps, so while the seniors occupy them, the rest of the students gather round, and in the gathering twilight we sing our sister class songs, for the sister class spirit is very strong, and our college songs. Then, after we have sung our heartiest, we all rise, and forming one enormous circle end softly, with

"Gray shadows are stealing far out in the West,
We've sung all the old songs our hearts' love
the best,

* * * * *
And now in the shadows, in the sweet still
light,

We whisper "Dear Holyoke, dear Holyoke,
good night."

Oh, seniors, do you not long to come to college, and join us in our song?

—Dorothy M. Gardiner, 1907

SPRING TERM AT SMITH

TO the heart of every Smith girl the words "Spring term" bring a thrill of anticipation and delight. Then is the time when even the steadiest "grinds" look forward to the Wednesday and Saturday half holidays and freshmen who all through the stress of winter term have been undecided, finally make up their minds that they are very, very glad indeed that they came to college. The desire comes to one and all to be out of doors as much as possible—and there is a consequent rush

for tennis-courts and boats, for horses or the less expensive, but entirely satisfying, front seat of the trolley car. Almost every afternoon may be seen dozens of girls going off on "bacon-bats," armed with huge baskets of food, tin pails and cups clanking merrily as they wend their way to the river banks where they may safely build fires to toast bacon and make coffee. Then, too, is the time to follow John, the old watchman—who has watched over the college by night almost since Smith began—

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up the dark, winding stairs to the college tower. Once on the top, after having climbed what seemed thousands of narrow steps, every one sits down in a circle and listens to John's infinite store of ghost stories and tales of the early days of the college, until suddenly the great bell of the clock strikes just below, with a thunderous peal that shakes the whole tower, and they descend the winding stair again and go home to dream of ghosts. The juniors, especially look forward to spring term because then comes Junior Promenade when every one watches the apple trees anxiously for fear the blossoms won't be out in time for the garden party; when the campus glows with lanterns in the evening and sounds of dance music float gaily from the Students' Building; when, the next day, envious underclassmen gaze longingly out from their class room windows at the juniors,—who have a whole holiday—speed-

ing off in carriages and automobiles, and think of the time when they will be juniors. To the seniors, spring term means that their college life is soon to end. In the evening, they gather on the Student's Building steps and sing all their class songs from freshman year on, and then as they rise to go, they sing the best song of all—the Alma Mater song—"Fair Smith." The last senior sing is something never to be forgotten, when the seniors give up the steps to the juniors and march away for "Senior stunts."

All these things—and the picture of the campus on a summer evening with its old buildings and stately elm trees and the sound of the singing in the distance—all this is contained in the words "Spring term" to the mind of every Smith girl.

—*Edith Siebel.*

Smith, 1911.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

Therefore trust to the heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

—*Elizabeth Huber.*

How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness.

—*H. Chase.*

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
Graduation Day.

Peace to all such.

—*H. Davidson.*

Filled was the maiden's heart with inexpressible sweetness.

—*H. Cronan.*

She seem'd as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

—*F. Vinecombe.*

I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith.

Sartoris.

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!

—*E. McClellan.*

There, in calm and cooling sleep
He his eyes shall never steep.

—*Breene.*

It's gude to be merry and wise,
It's gude to be honest and true.

—*L. Reilly.*

So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair.

—*Ellen Godfrey.*

Of simple tastes and mind content.

—*M. Gaffney.*

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CLASS ODE

Four years of pleasant study gone
Mid classmates dear and friendships sweet;
With courage may we yet await,
The years whose work lies incomplete.
Old chains of friendship! May they last
Through future years, let come what may!
Then should defeat dark shadows cast,
May hope turn darkness into day.

Success has crowned our efforts now,
And fair reward meets all our zeal;
We grasp with ardor shining still
The best the future may reveal.
Ambition now inspires our thought,
Gives strength to fight life's battles through;
And may our vict'ries dearly bought,
Our courage raise and trust renew.

Words by CLARA COLVIN.

Music by LELIA CURRAN.



BURNS
W. ANTHONY

J. ANTHONY
PETERS
CONNOLLY

SMITH
FENTON, MGR.

ERVING
GOOCH
SHEEHAN, CAPT.

GOODRICH
SEAMAN

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CLASS OF 1911

VICTOR Newton Breene (of late known as "Brains") landed on high school reefs with a mighty splash, and Victor has been splashing ever since. He has made a name in basket ball and on the track, and we are told that at one time he seriously contemplated football for a pastime, but this is merely a rumor. Quietness and obscurity have been Victor's only serious faults, but in spite of these, "we like him, and we hope he gets by."

John James Carroll! Ever hear of him? No? He is another whom modesty has held in the background. If you question him very closely, however, he will blush and shyly admit that he *has* done one or two things in T. H. S. worthy of note. Get an ear trumpet, please. He hates to speak aloud. "Secretary of the class—winner of medals galore—class representative of A. A.—manager of *Stylus*—class artist—first lieutenant of the cadets—member of semi-chorus—manager of basket ball—star in junior class play—winner of T in foot ball (see foot note.)—magna cum laude. He has ceased! What! is that all? Not at all, friends, but his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. Bashfulness suppresseth his speech! Let us move on.
(FOOT NOTE)—Jack faithfully attended every practice and held down the bench at every game.

Horace Allen Davis. In Horace we have one of the most versatile members of the class. He can do almost anything but walk tight rope. Of late he has been very particular in his grooming. Like grape nuts—"there's a reason." He attained the height of his social fame not long since, when he conducted a pink tea a la crown, New Bedford, for the benefit of his lady friends. When the demands of society become less urgent, he may find time to consider

what he will do hereafter, but till then he says, "The Public Library for me." Being the editor of this sad paper, he is naturally modest about airing his accomplishments. Suffice it to say that he has been guilty of editing "*The Stylus*" for the last year.

Henry Dunbar! You can't look at Henry without thinking, "What a grouch!" The management offers five dollars reward to anyone who can discover a smile on Henry's face. As captain of the cadets he has received the respect of men and the love of ladies. But Henry says he likes those pretty well whom he knew before he got his stripes.

Herbert Fenton still keeps his look of childish innocence in spite of the trials which have molested his life. His popularity with the young ladies has helped him to while away many a dreary period at the reference table while the rest of us, Leonard and Swig excepted, have looked on with envy. "Herb" manages the baseball team and plays first fiddle. He has been heard to declare that he would not "play second fiddle for anybody." He has always gone to examinations with a smiling face, but we have our suspicions about these finals. His favorite study is Pol. Econ., and the way he eats that makes us hungry to watch him. We understand his ambition is to play the drum at the Casino, but as he leaves town in June his ambition is thwarted. We all like you, Herbert, and like Mr. Greenback—we hate to see you go.

John Henry Hall, popularly called "Johnny," is and ever has been our nightingale. To hear John sing would draw tears from the eyes of an alligator. Basket ball is his strong point, although as 2nd lieutenant of the cadets, his likeness appears elsewhere in this paper. His social duties are so pressing that we fear he

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often neglects the gentle art of shaving before coming to school in the morning. John says a fellow can't think of everything at once. Cedar street is his favorite haunt at present, but nobody can tell what it will be to-morrow. If any one has molars that need repairing or wishes a new set of false teeth, 'phone him at once.

For what are you looking, gentle reader? Earl Hopkins? Pray look no longer but be careful where you step. Earl has spent his high school life dodging circus scouters. He has endeared himself to the class by his sunny good nature and persistence in minding his own business. We hear rumors that he, too, has his joys and sorrows but they are never advertised about the school corridors. So far as we know, Earl is as free as a bird and as light-hearted as Waldron.

William Raymond Irving, our "Ray," came to this institution to earn an average mark of 97, and to take part in athletics. His ability at the games of football, basket ball, and baseball has been the source of much wonderment to all his classmates. He is rather a mysterious person for many times he has been heard to utter strange sounds, but when questioned he refuses to answer. We are sorry to say that he has one wee fault,—forwardness. The fact is that he has been so popular with the girls that he hasn't given the rest of the fellows half a chance. Buck up, Ray! We feel sure that we shall hear from you later.

Four years ago, Nelson Leonard, with carpet-bag in hand, wended his way through the Green, and e'er the dust of his five hour journey from Raynham had settled, had found his seat and nervously asked to be introduced to the young ladies. He at once took up the cause of woman suffrage, and since then has been the admiration of all the young ladies in the class. If you don't believe this, phone 796-7.

John Peters says, "Don't call me John, call me Johnny." He has been a veritable pyramid in athletics,—in baseball, football, and basket ball. He was manager of last season's football team, and a sergeant in the cadets. His hobby has been borrowing and then forgetting to return. His one great ambition is to reach the North Pole. For further information inquire of the recorder at the institution off Hodges Avenue, where his record has been kept for the last four years. In compensation for this favorable account, marred by no reference to his imperfections which might have been cited, we humbly ask Johnny to set us up a soda. We prefer Roman Punch, but ice water will do.

In Carleton Phillips we have what is commonly known as "The White Man's Hope." He received his early pugilistic training in conjugation with "Kid Schefer," "Twin Baker," and trainer Abbott, and, having traveled with such a bunch of speed, he is certainly qualified to meet anything in and out of sight. He always liked to study and this abnormal tendency has won him many enviable compliments from the faculty. Watch the sporting pages! His name will be there.

Carlton Roy Sartoris, known to his classmates as "Sart," is the society representative of the class. Although he has never taken part in athletics, he can introduce you to any girl in Taunton, and a few in such distant places as New Bedford, Providence, and Brockton. He is very well known for his devotion to the teachers. Indeed, we have been told that about every day he has been seen keeping teachers company after 12.50. His spare time he spends in attending such society functions as whist parties and balls. He has the enviable reputation of never being absent during his four years' course. His ambition is to become a great doctor, and minister unto the ills of his former classmates. We hope that,

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after leaving school we may never be ill, but if we are, and "Sart" fulfills his ambition—"The Lord preserve us!"

Charles Sheehan, known in athletic circles as "Tim," is the wonder of his class. To see our Charlie "speeding them over the plate" gives us a sensation hard to describe. The old boy is not so slow at football, either, and as captain both of the baseball and football teams and president of the A. A., he has reason for holding his head a bit high. But "Tim" is just a common ordinary mortal after all and there isn't a fellow in school that doesn't like him. He is gentle, a good worker, and guaranteed to stand without hitching. As a grafter he can stand his hand with the rest of the "photographic committee." He spends his pennies buying Boston papers to keep abreast of the times. Peters reads them.

William Russell Smith or "Rus," as we call him, is our "Jim Dandy" from start to finish. To see him display his socks on a beautiful summer morning is enough to jar the senses of so modest a crowd as ours. It was not ever thus, however, and right here is where many a hushed discussion has occurred. We wish to have it fully understood that we consider the matter merely a coincidence, but Russell has been treasurer of the A. A. this last year. Smith was, also, very loud at the Brockton football game last fall when he used a megaphone.

Earle Tinkham, or "Lord Earle," is the most lofty member of the class of '11. He has had several offers from theatrical managers to travel as the tallest Russian giant now in existence. In spite of this and other tempting offers, he has stuck to his studies like a hero, never getting an average of less than 99 $\frac{7}{8}$. He was a member of last year's football team, and you may well imagine that very few men got by him. His favorite occupation has been to amuse the teachers with his harmless pranks,

when life became too monotonous for them. We are not sure what he intends to do, but it is whispered that he will settle in North Dighton.

Edward Waldron, yachtsman and sergeant of the cadets, has but lately appeared on the stage of action in the role of a hero. It took him the first two years of his high school life to convince us of the sincerity of his social aims for in those days he was so slow of speech that some one invariably interrupted him before he got to the end. But now—he is some boy, *b'lieve us!* His only regret is that there are no more worlds to conquer. He holds the heart-strings of every girl in T. H. S. and goodness knows how many more. When he is not calling, he is daneing at the Park.

Roy Walker is welcomed as the ideal representative from the wilds of North Dighton, that far famed land which all humanity declares to be delightful. Ask Tinkham. Surely Roy lives up to the reputation of his native land, for he is a corking good fellow. He has been classed as the prettiest boy in school, but he mumbles in an undertone that he knows a girl lots prettier than he. He is a great favorite among teachers, for there is not a subject on which he couldn't talk a week. His one ambition, after leaving school, is to become a magician as great as Kellar.

Merrill Wilbur, lately known as "Happy Hooligan," has been and is a man of great importance. When he first arrived, he showed his love of military training by joining the cadets. He was later appointed corporal, and in his senior year sergeant. He showed great ability as an actor in the class play, and was soon after elected vice president of the class. Just to amuse himself he played a game of baseball with last year's team. His life for the past four years has been an illustration of that song, "Smile whenever you can,"—although he has often borne punishment for the misdeeds of others. His favorite occupation has been

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selling tickets for cadet dances. After graduating, if he successfully resists the temptation of becoming a tramp, he will set up a variety store on Main street.

Leonard Wood, according to all accounts, is a boy the like of whom we often read about but seldom see. He is six feet of brawn and muscle, accompanied by a warm heart and a real New England conscience. Leonard can make us all look sick when it comes to geometry problems. He and Henry are running mates on the East Taunton car and, when they get in at 8.15 mornings, it is instructive to watch them waste a little time before going to recitation. This, we understand, is the only deviltry in which Leonard indulges, and we are inclined to place most of the blame for that upon Henry.

E. Myrtle Arden is an excellent young lady famed far and wide for her cooking propensities. She's modest and quiet and little.

Edith Ashley, a real wonder, from the land of spinach and early strawberries, known by her placid countenance and noble bearing.

Ella Baker "— folks got to walk the chalk when she's around, er wisht they had!"

Susan Bosworth's artistic talents are known from North Raynham to Rehoboth. Her friends will doubtless be glad to learn that she has just been invited to paint King George on the eve of his coronation.

Since Madeline Bray's arrival at high school, she has taken it upon herself to support school athletics, and by using her powers of elocution to the best advantage has induced multitudes of people to attend ball games. Madeline's diploma will be decorated with "Cum laude."

Grace Burns. Her monologues and soliloquys, practised for the benefit of her neighbors during their study periods, are warranted

to make a stone post smile amiably. At present, Grace's one ambition is to capture a diploma.

Catherine Cabana. Catherine "hath a beaming eye, but no one knows for whom it beameth," because her affections are as changeable as the New England climate. Catherine took part in the class play in 1910, and graduates with honor.

Helen Chace. Calm, collected, cool, sober, serene, sedate. She cherishes a secret ambition to go on the the stage.

Clara Colvin's parents showed great foresight in calling her Clara, for Clara she certainly is. During the last four years her long-winded recitations have burdened the ears of her fellow pupils and charmed the hearts of her teachers. As Demosthenes, Edmund Burke, Daniel O'Connell, and Patrick Henry could make speeches in their day, so can Clara in hers. Clara wrote the Class Ode, and graduates with great honor.

Helen Cronan hails from the wilds of Weir Village, and is famed for her passionate love for Latin grammar. Like Myrtle she is little, and like Myrtle—goodness!

Lelia Curran, our distinguished pianist, has never broken the Golden Rule during her four years among us. She is, to be sure, slightly forgetful at times, but no harm done. We shall hear from her in the future as a music teacher.

Hazel Davidson, satisfied and happy; the future need not be questioned. She is intending to take a course in domestic science to qualify herself as a competent housewife.

Louise Delhanty. She is of a superior turn of mind. Miss Macomber is very much to her liking.



BRENE	GOODRICH	PARK	CARROLL MFG.	IRVING	DUNBAR	LOCKHART	HALL
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Colette Dorgan. Always happy. She is often heard singing "Smile whenever you can." We hope that in the near future she will fill the position as instructor in geometry in Taunton High.

Annie Dwyer. She has shown her ability as a speech-maker when giving special topics in United States History. She always captures the "booby-prize" at whist parties.

Annie Ennes has never been guilty of disturbing her neighbors. She always looks on the bright side of life, is making marked progress under the training of Eleanor Sears, and is making a specialty of horseback riding and diving.

Nellie Gaffney. We are anxiously waiting for Nellie to make her debut in the Park Theatre. Her highest ambition is to compete with Ethel Barrymore.

May Gaffney has, we understand, a great fondness for a particular drug store in Whittenton. She is going into partnership with Anna Kevican and they intend to do a rushing business selling notions.

Mildred Gilman. Mildred first came before the public eye in company with "Mac." She is a firm believer in woman suffrage and is now ready to debate with any one upon this subject. As exchange editor of the *Stylus* she won renown.

Bernice Godfrey says, "It is better to have lived and loved than never to have lived at all." She knows. "Burney" has had her share of the boys since she has been in the high school. Captains are her specialty but football stars come next. She is somewhat of an actress, too, as was shown in the class play.

Alice Goodwin. Alice is a simple, shy, country maiden from Raynham. She has the

reputation of having had more fellows in four years than any other two girls in the class. In fact she is thinking seriously of taking a P. G. in order to take book-keeping so that she may have them recorded in systematic order. Her favorite song is "I love my steady but I'm crazy for my once-in-a-while." But this is rather ambiguous since many have found it difficult to distinguish between the two. She boasts that she has never been conquered, but many say that a sudden departure from these regions, not long since, was all that makes such a boast possible. At present she is interested in the infant department. Be patient, Alice, it is surprising how they will grow in a few years!

Myrtis Hall, a most useful and ornamental member of the class. She has been useful by furnishing amusement for the frat meetings, and the ornamental part needs no explanation. Myrtis has lots of friends and we'll miss her when she goes to Providence to live. Her only regret is that Providence is still farther away from Plymouth.

Ruth Harrington. She's a frat girl so she can't be very quiet.

Grace Haskins reminds us of "Sunny Jim." She wears the smile that won't come off. Grace hails from Myrieks and she says it's "some town."

Elizabeth Huber—She of the Daniel Webster intellect.

Ethel Hutchins, like her brother, is a born artist. Take a look at her botany book. Ethel, too, is a quiet girl, but she has a way of getting there.

Look who's here! Marie Kearns, belle of Fall River, New Bedford, Brockton, and everywhere else. She is going to take Lillian Russell's place and play with Nat Goodwin next year.

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Anna Kevican declares "No short people may apply." Bang on some one's "dome." All boys look alike to her.

Mary King—the one bright and shining light of 1911 (with apologies to Lil Nichols.) She's as smart as she is bright. When May gets to teaching, we're going to school again.

Lillian Reilly declares that she has been treated squarely while in T. H. S. except that no one has appreciated her bird like voice. She hopes to follow in the footsteps of Geraldine Farrar.

Ruth Sanford, one of the few fortunate enough to win a *Magna*. Ruth has ever been willing to impart her great knowledge to her less brilliant classmates.

Lillian Seckell. Lillian's aim is toward the *higher* things in life.

Bertha Staples. Though Bertha won much

success in the class play, we doubt if she will continue her work on the stage. She is the treasurer of the class of 1911.

Lorna Staples. She seeks her game in the wilds of Maine during the months of July and August.

Grace Tobey. She has never once been guilty of disturbing her neighbors during her whole career in T. H. S.

Alice Tuttle. All prizes do not come in small packages.

Florence Vinecombe. She and Miss Kearns intend to be members of Keith's circuit, and please the public with their singing and fancy dancing.

Louise Waitt. She has confided to a select few that she hopes to spend the rest of her days accompanying her Caruso. Louise received a *Magna*.

APPLIED QUOTATIONS

Her little air of precision sits well upon her
—W. Reagan.

And even his failings lean to virtue's side.

—C. Phillips

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn
My heart is ever at your service.

—J. Burns.

She's not forward, but modest as the dove,
She's not hot but temperate as the morn.

—L. Staples.

There is none so blind as they that won't see.

—Breene.

Modest and simple and sweet,
The type of Puritan maidens.

—S. Bosworth.

Yes, he did fly on the wings of the wind.

—E. Waldron.

Is she not passing fair?

—M. Arden.

O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength.

—Sheehan.

Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman.

—S. Bosworth.

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In Memoriam

Mary Hamer

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CLASS OF 1911

Mildred Leonard represents all that is winsome and demure. What is unattainable is said to be most alluring, and this is the case with Mildred. She is the president of the Kappa Phi Delta and is AI at initiating new members. Her one regret is that A—— couldn't join. It is whispered that his name is down as an associate member but of this we can never be sure. Next year she will take a course in domestic science.

Ruth Lang. Ruth has spent two thirds of her time in getting high marks and the other third in wondering if she would pass. But she has never let her studies interfere with her social duties. There are those who say it's a nice long walk up to Ruth's house after the last car has gone.

Maud Macomber is an elocutionist of some powers and an all round sport in general. There was a time when ex-caps appealed to her but now Maud says—"never no more." She, too, is a scholar of no small attainments.

Edith McClellan has so recently joined our ranks that we know little about her. One thing is clear, however, that never before were such College English recitations heard in T. H. S.

She can talk Burke and Shakespeare with equal ease, and Macaulay is her constant friend. And she has a smile, withal, that is pleasant to look upon.

Lillian Nichols came down to us from a higher sphere. She is not of this earth. Goodness shineth forth from her face and on clear days a halo can be detected about her head. She looks upon life so seriously that it is feared her worries and cares will soon take her away. She has studied so hard, too, while in high school that brain fag is imminent and doctors say that a rest cure alone can save her. For further statistics consult her running partner, Marie. If she tells you a different story, believe her not.

Josephine Owens. "How-do-you-do, Miss Josephine?" "Jo" has always tried to get as much as possible, with as little effort as possible, and it is surprising how well she has succeeded. We never see her hurry and yet she always gets there. Next year she goes to Normal School.

Dorothy Park, our distinguished valedictorian (if there were such a thing) has been our pride and consolation since time immemorial. From how many awkward places she has saved us. What a sense of security in Latin recitation to feel that some hard question would never reach us!



ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS have run very smoothly this year under the constitution adopted at a meeting in September, when the following officers were elected:

President, Charles Sheehan.
Vice President, Ralph Hastings.
Secretary, John Peters.
Treasurer, Burrell Smith.

Representative of first class, Horace Davis; of second class, Wadsworth Wilbar; of third class, Ralph Gooch; of fourth class, Philip Hall.

FOOTBALL.

Captain Hastings, Manager Peters.

The football team met in September and many freshmen were among the candidates. Considering the fact that the team needed rebuilding, it made a creditable showing. The one bright spot in the season was the great game played with Durfee, which ended in a 6 to 6 tie. The last game was played with the Alumni on Thanksgiving Day. Hastings received a severe injury in this game which caused his absence from school for about three months. The outlook for next year's team is most promising, for Irving and Sheehan are the only football players who graduate.

BASKETBALL.

Captain, Hall, Irving; Manager, Carroll.

The basket ball team suffered many reverses away from home, but played so well at the local gym that its victories and defeats were about even. The hardest fought game of the year was with Attleboro. The team has good material for next year despite the fact that Breene, Irving, and Hall are lost by graduation.

BASEBALL.

Captain, Sheehan; Manager, Fenton.

The baseball candidates reported for prac-

tice before the frost was out of the ground and put in many weeks of practice. The squad at first consisted of about forty men, but it finally dwindled down to about twelve men, Duffy '14, J. Anthony '14, Burns '13, Gooch '13, Goodrich '13, Smith '13, Seaman '13, W. Anthony '12, Connolly '12, Irving '11, Peters '11, Sheehan '11.

The team has a record of nine victories and two defeats:

T. H. S. 8 Durfee Text, School 0
T. H. S. 8 Bridgewater Normal School 0
T. H. S. 4 Attleboro H. School 8
T. H. S. 3 Mansfield H. School 5
T. H. S. 14 Durfee H. School 4
T. H. S. 5 Oliver Ames H. School 2
T. H. S. 6 N. Bedford H. School 2
T. H. S. 1 Attleboro H. School 0
T. H. S. 9 Fairhaven H. School 2
T. H. S. 4 Brockton H. School 3
T. H. S. 4 N. Bedford H. School 1

This record is an enviable one, and it is thought the team will have a good claim on the state championship.

S, 1911.

NOTES.

I wonder why Carroll decided to use *marguerites* as a cover design for the *Journal*.

It is reported that Dunbar and Wood are entered for the Marathon races this summer.

Teacher—Give a sentence containing the word *jurer*, to swear.

Class hesitates.

Teacher—Come, Hopkins, you know how to do it.

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<i>Name.</i>	<i>Favorite Haunt.</i>	<i>Principal Occupation.</i>	<i>Favorite Song.</i>	<i>Ambition.</i>	<i>Redeeming Quality.</i>
Fenton.	Moving pictures.	Running the base ball team.	He's a college boy.	To get out of <i>this</i> town.	Innocence.
Smith.	The haberdashers.	Selecting socks.	Who fixed your tie?	To be a model for a tailor.	His looks.
Carroll.	Nantucket.	Running things.	Gee whiz I'm glad I'm free.	To be a soldier.	Modesty.
Nelson.	The peach orchard.	Making eyes.	Auk! Lang Syne.	To be a gentleman farmer.	Guilelessness.
Breene.	Anywhere.	Beefing.	Keep your foot on the loud pedal.	To becf.	Quietness.
Sheehan.	Between the gym, and the fair grounds.	Keeping tabs on the girls.	Take me up to the ball game.	To play with the Red Sox.	His happy smile.
Davis	If not in Raynham look some where else		I don't care what becomes of me.	To make a reputation.	Sense of humor.
Dunbar.	Some where between Whittenton and the Weir.	Smiling.	A nameless "laughing song."	To run the U. S. army or his automobile.	Seriousness.
Wilbur.	Talbot's.	Making money.	I'm in love with a star.	To become a society leader.	Hasn't any.
Peters.	Y. M. C. A.	Playing pool or bowling.	I don't want the morning to come.	To be a real sport.	Too numerous to mention.
Waldron.	Dighton Rock.	Running his chug chug boat.	Don't take me home.	To tour the world in twenty hours.	Studiosness.
Hall.	Is it Oak or Cedar?	Looking for another girl.	Will you love me in December as you do in May?	To have a home of his own.	Affectionate disposition.
Irving.	T. H. S.	Throwing smiles during study periods.	Somebody's lonesome.	To become a great outfielder.	Wisdom.
Burns.	The clubs once.	Doin' the town.	I'm old and I'm "terrible" tough.	To fight Jack Johnson.	His sporting blood.
J. White.	The stage.	Doing errands for J. P.	Don't know where I'm goin' but I'm on my way.	To get his face in the regue's gallery.	Sobriety.
Goodrich.	In the game.	Looking wise and doing stunts.	? ?	To be as good as his forefathers.	Love of the sublime and beautiful.

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HONOR MEMBERS

Summa Cum Laude.

DOROTHY PARK.

Magna Cum Laude

JOHN CARROLL.

CLARA COLVIN.

ELIZABETH HUBER.

RUTH SANFORD.

FLORENCE VINECOMBE.

LOUISE WAITT.

Cum Laude.

MADELINE BRAY.

CATHERINE CABANA

HORACE DAVIS

ANNIE DWYER.

ANNA KEVICAN

MARY KING.

RUTH LANG.

MILDRED LEONARD.

EDITH MCCLELLAN.

CARLETON SARTORIS.

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CLASS OF 1911 AND QUONDAM MEMBERS

Ella M. Arden.
Edith I. A. Ashley.
Ella M. Baker.
Lena Battey.
Elizabeth E. Bayley.
Edna L. Bellamy.
Gertrude A. Bellamy.
Susie A. Bosworth.
Catherine M. Brady.
Madeline Bray.
Susan M. Brennan.
Grace E. Burns.
Catherine F. Cabana.
Alice B. Carney.
Bernice O. Carpenter.
Helen I. Chace.
Gertrude F. Childs.
Helen B. Cole.
Clara A. Colvin.
Helen U. Cronan.
Lelia M. Curran.
Hazel V. Davidson.
Louise H. Delhanty.
Colette H. Dorgan.
Mae M. Dreghorn.
Annie M. Dwyer.
Annie A. Ennes.
Mary V. Ennes.
Ruth C. French.
Ellen M. Gaffney.
Mary A. Gaffney.
Jessie E. Gammons.
Mildred G. Gilman.
Bernice Godfrey.
Rose Goldstein.
Alice W. Goodwin.
Margaret A. Greenan.

Mary J. Greenan.
Leonice G. Hall.
Myrtis L. Hall.
Maye L. Hamilton.
Ruth Harrington.
Edith F. Haskins.
Grace Haskins.
Madeline V. Hewitt.
Ruth E. Higgins.
Eleanor A. Horton.
Elizabeth C. Huber.
Ethel Hutchins.
Marie E. Kearns.
Florence R. Keefe.
Anna M. Kevican.
Mary J. King.
Ruth B. Lang.
Mary V. Ledy.
Mildred S. Leonard.
Calvina Macomber.
Maud G. Macomber.
Helene M. Mador.
Ruth C. McMahon.
Lillian E. Mann.
Edyth H. M. McClellan.
Anna C. McDowell.
Helen Mitchell.
Lephe M. Moorhouse.
Mabel B. Morrissey.
Agnes C. Mulvey.
Lena C. Murray.
Mabel G. Nagle.
Ruth M. Neff.
Mamie R. Negus.
Elizabeth F. Nichols.
Josephine M. Owens.
Amey E. Padelford.

Hope A. Paling.
Dorothy L. Park.
Mildred A. Parkin.
Bernice H. Peirce.
Katherine Peters.
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O eyes, sublime
With tears and laughter all the time.

—*M. Gilman.*

Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke.

—*G. Haskins.*

A noble type of good heroic womanhood.

—*Edith Ashley.*

A proper man as any one shall see in a summer's day.

—*Dunbar.*

Quiet days, fair treasure, and long life.

—*B. Staples.*

Man delights not me—nor woman either.

—*A. Ennes.*

The ladies call him sweet,
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

—*Davis.*

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?

—*R. Sanford.*

There buds the promise of celestial worth.

—*M. King.*

My man's as true as steel.

—*L. Seckell.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love.

—*G. Tobey.*

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peep beneath the thorns.

—*L. Delhanty.*

Neat, not gaudy.

—*Ella Baker.*

On all her days let health and peace attend
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!

—*R. Lang.*

Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

—*Clara Colvin.*

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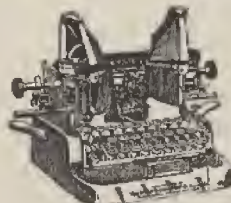
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